

## COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 5, 1818.

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## NOTICES.

It having been found necessary to re-print the early Numbers of the present Volume, notice is hereby given that No. 1 is now ready, and may be had at the Publisher's, 34, Wardour Street, Soho. No. 2 will be ready next week, and the rest in succession.

The "GRAMMAR" will be published on Monday next, the 7th Instant, by Sherwood, Neely and Jones, Paternoster Row.—Price half-a-crown.

TO

JOHN CARTWRIGHT, ESQ.

## LETTER VIII.

*On the Conduct of the Westminster Rump, and on that of Mr. Hunt, and of Sir Francis Burdett.*

North Hampstead, Long Island,  
11th Sept. 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

Before I enter on the subjects of this letter, I cannot refrain from giving you a piece of *news*. The other day, being at New York, I saw a farmer from *Lincolnshire*, who had just arrived with all his family; with all his horses, his waggon, his harness, his ploughs, harrows, prongs, spades, hoes, and edge-tools. There he was, surrounded by immense crowds of spectators, struck with the novel appearance of implements so different from those used in this country. This man could not find in his heart to leave his horses behind him. He had not been able to bring himself to quit the companions of his toils. What must such a man have felt at quitting

his country? At bidding adieu for ever to the land of his birth, to his relations and to all those things which make life dear to us? To sever men thus from all the objects of their affections, is the work, and can only be the work, of the Borough villains! Not only to the settlement of Mr. BIRKBECK, but to every part of this country, are flocking farmers and other men of property. They bring their capital with them, and also their industry and skill; and they leave the paupers, the Borough Debt, the Parsons, the Pensioners, and the Army behind them. I have myself been consulted as to purchases of estates by more than a hundred men of property, who have come from England since I. In my Leave-taking address, I said, that this would be the case; I said, that farmers and other men of property would leave England. To be sure they would, if they saw no hope of a change. They never could remain with the clear prospect of becoming paupers; and that was their only prospect. Here, if they have no visionary plans, they are sure to thrive. Many, in a short space become rich; and all are in an easy and happy state. Upon this Island the state of things is the most happy that can be conceived. No such thing as misery. A beautiful country, a healthy climate, the tax-gatherer comes *once a year*, and for all taxes, takes about *five pounds from each considerable*

farmer. Sports of the field delightful. We have had woodcocks in abundance ever since the 4th of July, which is the day on which we begin shooting them. They weigh half a pound each. I never thought I should be tired of eating woodcocks! Partridges are now shot; also pheasants. The former in every field, and the latter very abundant in the woods. Plover upon the plains, near this place, thousands together. Wild ducks and snipes in great abundance. This is our fare with hogmeat at 5d. mutton at 3d. and lamb at 4d. a pound, while a day-labouring man earns a dollar a day, and buys his English salt at *two shillings and sixpence a bushel*. These are amongst the happy effects of an absence of Borough-villains! If such villains ruled here, we could have no shooting, and never taste game but by *stealth*. No wonder that the yeomen of America left their farms to drive the myrmidons of the Borough-villains from their shores!

This emigration of *English farmers* is something new. I hear, too, of some pretty aristocratic gentry, who are upon the move. The stir has only begun, unless it be put a stop to by the fall of the Borough-villains. Those who come do not, however, calculate correctly. I will give you the reasons of a very worthy Englishman, a farmer, of great property, whom I saw, lately, at New York. "What," said he, "was I to expect? I have a family of sons and daughters. I myself could perhaps, have made shift to live out my life in tolerable comfort. But, what was to become of them? My means were gradually diminishing; I was daily sinking; daily coming somewhat nearer to poverty; and I saw, that my children never could move in the sphere in which I had moved. I had quite enough to do to collect the means of satisfying the various calls of the tax-gatherer. To lay by was impossible. I had, by degrees, lowered my way of living; but, I saw, that, at last, my children must be nearly penniless, if I con-

tinued to endure that enormous load of taxes. And, endure it I must; for no end could there be to Debt or standing army." Here I interrupted him. "There," said I, "you reason wrong; for, there will be, and there must be, an end to the Debt and the standing army." "Not," resumed he, "without a terrible convulsion; and I was not sure, that that convulsion would not deprive me of my all. I was too old to fight, and, therefore, I ran." These are the reasons of hundreds and of thousands; and, as long as the state of things shall continue what it now is, these reasons will prevail, and thousands upon thousands will seek safety in this country. I asked this gentleman, *why* he thought, that a convulsion, or even a total revolution, would have endangered him. He had been no friend, but an enemy, of the Borough-villains. He, and his father before him, had been beloved and respected by all who knew them. I myself, when a little boy, had many a time pulled off my hat to his father. I found, that he could not answer this question. I found, that he had, running in his head, "the horrors of the French Revolution;" those horrors, which the Borough-villains have magnified ten-fold beyond their size, and which, besides that they were occasioned by the Borough-villains themselves, affected scarcely any body but public plunderers and oppressors. "What, then," said I, "have you imbibed the notion, that the French Revolution took the farms away from the farmers; that it stripped tradesmen of their property; that it put down all doctors and lawyers; that it destroyed all courts of justice; that it killed farming cattle, and burnt up the corn and the grass and blighted the orchards? Oh, no! It did none of these things. It took possessions, which they had stolen, from an insolent and plundering and cruel Noblesse and Clergy; squeezed contractors, farmers of taxes, and loan-jobbers as dry as



"orange peel; but, it gave fair play  
 "to merit and to talent in all the arts  
 "and sciences; it, in a very short  
 "time, established real courts of  
 "justice in lieu of the infamous petty  
 "tyrannies which before existed;  
 "and, as to *agriculture*, it is noto-  
 "rious, that it never *flourished*, in  
 "France before the Revolution. It  
 "took from the lazy and gluttonous  
 "and drunken and debauched priests  
 "the *tithes*, and the *immense landed*  
 "*property* that they possessed. It  
 "turned *parks* into *farms*. The estates  
 "of the plundering Noblesse and  
 "Clergy were sold in *lots*, and *farmers*  
 "and *tradesmen* became the owners;  
 "and they *continue to be the owners*  
 "*to this day*. Many thousands lost  
 "their lives; but, those, who were  
 "not *enemies* of the Revolution, lost  
 "neither life nor property. Besides,  
 "the fury of the oppressed people of  
 "France would not be imitated in  
 "England. The French people had  
 "no *principles* of law, government, or  
 "freedom. They had nothing to build  
 "upon. They had all to destroy, from  
 "the roof to the foundation. Their  
 "forefathers had never been free.  
 "And, remember, too, that their  
 "execrable Noblesse and Clergy were  
 "able to collect armies to invade  
 "France, and that, our pretty fellows  
 "expended *eight hundred millions of*  
 "*money*, in order to harass and ruin  
 "the Revolution. Therefore, even  
 "supposing that the present horrid  
 "system of tyranny, in England,  
 "cannot be put an end to without a  
 "*convulsion*, the example of France  
 "ought not to drive men of property  
 "from England, unless such men know  
 "that they have committed crimes  
 "against the people. It is true,"  
 continued I, "that, after all, the  
 "Bourbons are restored; but, not  
 "the Bourbon tyranny. The *estates*  
 "of the Noblesse and of the Clergy  
 "are not restored. The *tithes* are  
 "not restored. The rascally petty  
 "courts are not restored. The partial  
 "taxes are not restored. And, be-  
 "sides, if the Bourbons are restored,

"it has been by the bands of all the  
 "despots of Europe, paid in our *eight*  
 "*hundred millions of borrowed money*,  
 "and a *thousand millions more raised*  
 "*in taxes on us during the war*. Re-  
 "member, that there would be no  
 "English fleet and English money to  
 "crush our English revolution, and  
 "no combined despots to bring armies  
 "to invade England. Besides, we  
 "want to get rid of *no king*, you  
 "know! We want only to possess our  
 "legal rights, and to put a stop to the  
 "acts of plunder, which the Borough-  
 "villains exercise towards us, and to  
 "make them restore what they have  
 "robbed us of. Therefore," con-  
 "cluded I, "why should a man like you  
 "quit England for fear of a *convul-*  
 "*sion*? Why should you fear, that a  
 "convulsion would endanger *you*?"  
 Before I had done, he was half sorry  
 for the step he had taken; and, espe-  
 cially when I communicated to him  
 the *short* method which had been  
 communicated to me of putting the  
 Borough-villains down. But, the truth  
 is, that the Borough villains, by the  
 means of their *three hundred News-pa-*  
*pers and Reviews and Magazines*, have  
 filled the minds of the people so full of  
 "the horrors of the *French Revolu-*  
 "*tion*;" and have so completely in-  
 stilled into them, that there can be *no*  
*Reform* in England *without similar*  
*"horrors,"* that *timid* men, that is to  
 say, *rich* men, are *afraid* even of that  
 which they *wish to take place*; and,  
 therefore, many such men are getting  
 over to this country in order to be out  
 of harm's way. I do not say that  
 such men are to be *blamed*; for, they  
 have a right to do what they think is  
 best for them; but, I think, they do  
 not act *wisely*; and this is what I tell  
 them all. For, when the change  
 comes; when the day of justice, of  
 retribution and refunding shall arrive  
 (and it is at hand!) they will, in spite  
 of all they enjoy here, wish to be *back*  
*again*. They will wish to see Old  
 England happy and free!

Thus far, my dear Sir, in the way  
 of *news*. I now come to the conduct

of the *Westminster Rump*, whom, I think, you have, by your Letter of the 11th of July last, consigned to everlasting infamy: that is to say, you would so have consigned them, if they had been any thing to consign; but, their happiness, like that of the Borough-villains, consists in the irksomeness of naming them, and in their utter insignificance as individuals when named. Here we have another instance of the great mischiefs, which creatures, by nature the most impotent and despicable, are, when placed in situations that give them power, capable of producing.

There is some one (for faith! I know not which!) of the half hundred of sectarian tribes, who believe, or pretend to believe, that God *wishes* sinners to be saved, though he *knows* they will be damned. Not to mean profanely, I was, with regard to these miserable sinners, the *Rump*, in a similar state of mind. I wished them to act an honest part, though I knew they would act a roguish one. I wished them to be the sincere and zealous friends of the cause, though I knew they were base tools to do the dirty work and promote the selfish purposes of Sir Francis Burdett. I wished them to labour earnestly to preserve the independence of Westminster, though I knew that they would be as busy as bees to make it a pocket-borough. I wished them to endeavour to retrieve their character for purity, though I knew that they would make their corruption clear to every man not blind as a bat.

Most folks will say (for I am ready to say it myself), that I was a great jack-ass for my pains; that I ought to have entertained no such wishes; for, that the complete fulfilment of one single prediction of mine must, in the end, be of ten thousand times more service to the cause, than all that the whole of this *Rump*, though they should have been animated with good intentions, would ever have been able to accomplish during the whole course of their lives. The *Rump* saw this

too, and had, I dare say, a desire to act uprightly for the purpose of making me out a false prophet; but the incorrigible *conceit* of the Baronet, that spoiled child of ours, and his fear of having *you* or *Mr. Hunt* for a colleague, were more powerful than even his desire to throw discredit on my opinions and predictions; and the poor *Rump* were obliged to give way.

Your Letter of the 11th of July, to which I have before alluded, contains the following passage:—

“This reputation for *principle*—a reputation of inestimable value—the parties had well sustained in successive elections of Sir Francis Burdett. Upheld by the counsels of men with stronger minds than their own, they likewise had the credit of prevailing on their fellow citizens to hold out the generous hand of protection to the persecuted *Cochrane*; and thereby the cause of freedom was again truly served.—But it is not to be disguised, that circumstances had occasionally arisen, which in observant minds had deeply implanted a suspicion, that not altogether an enlightened view of the public interest,—not a very lofty patriot feeling—nor an over-scrupulous regard to political integrity and pretensions,—no, nor an inflexible adherence to those principles of reform which they professed, wholly governed all of those who took a political lead in the politics of *Westminster*.—How early such suspicions had taken root I have no need to say; but it is notorious, that, by the most powerful pen of the age, broad imputations, forcibly supported, had been cast on the parties contemptuously styled the *rump*, for being in the habit of forgetting the character they had originally obtained, and of craftily intriguing for the introduction of an improper colleague to Sir Francis Burdett.—It is equally notorious, that by the same powerful pen no effort had of late been omitted, to lessen the baronet in public estimation, especially among the sincere Reformists; as well as to raise up if possible, an opposition to him in *Westminster* itself, from among the very ranks of radical reform.—To my present argument, it matters not whether any of the censures cast on the baronet were, or were not,



“well founded; but it is universally known, that such attacks had been repeatedly made, and, among other things, for aiming, in co-operation with the *rump*, at an improper object—Now, at a conjuncture which the eve of a general election brought with it,—a conjuncture that to all who had right feelings for the public was truly awful, what was the *policy* of those whom a *Cobbett* had pourtrayed as an unprincipled *Rump*, ready for any intrigue,—were a conspiracy for reducing Westminster to the condition of a pocket borough? What I ask, was at such a conjuncture, the *policy* of these men?—Here allow me, for the sake of perspicuity, to proceed by question and answer.—Question 1.—Contemplating the crisis, as bearing on the vital question of that *Reform*, by which alone our liberties can be recovered, was there within the knowledge of these political caterers for Westminster, and resident within their city, any individual person, by whose return to parliament long and faithful services might have received that proof of approbation which is so gratifying to a disinterested labourer in the vineyard of liberty; while at the same time peculiar means in the hands of that person, of further serving that cause, might have been augmented in a degree ten times ten fold?—Answer.—Such a person there certainly was among them, with whose devotion to liberty they were so familiar, that, at their anniversary, and all other public dinners, his name coupled with *Reform* was ever a standing toast; but, for excluding that person, they thought fit to bring forward one—and as a reformer too—on whose behalf, however, they had not a single service to plead.—Question 2.—Did this reputed *rump*, in common prudence, guard against converting *Cobbett's* imputations to their disadvantage, into facts?—his prophecies of their misconduct into history?—his charge of their intriguing and conspiring, into proofs to be put on record?—And did they, by a rational conduct, manifest their solicitude, not on any account to endanger the re-election of Sir Francis Burdett?—Answer.—NO: With all these consequences staring them in the face, as well as equally deaf to the remonstrances and the warnings of persons, worthy by their stations, their talents,

“their attainments, and their virtues, to have been listened to with respect, they determined on making a desperate plunge, to which in some secret cabal they had pledged themselves.”

This, my dear good Sir, is all very true; it is all very well expressed; it thrusts the point up to the hilt into the rascally *Rump*; but, it lets the chief mover and intriguer escape. For, can it be believed; is it possible for any man to believe, that these men, regardless as they may be of reputation, and sheltered as they are by their individual insignificance, would have acted so flagrantly a wicked part, had they been left to themselves? There were, lying on the table before them, several of my Registers, stating, that, for years past, they, the *Rump*, had been the supple tools of the Baronet; that he had made use of them for the purpose of bringing in, as his colleague, *Brougham*, instead of you or of any real Reformer; that they had been detected in this dirty work, and had had their attempts exposed: and, in addition to this statement, accompanied with the anecdote about *Colonel Maine*, they had, lying before their eyes, my predictions, that they would, at the approaching election, intrigue with the Baronet for the purpose of shutting you out, and of bringing in “some unfledged friend, some flash companion, some toad-eater of the Baronet;” and that, thus, they would, if they were to succeed, make Westminster the pocket-borough of the family of Burdett. They had, lying before their eyes, my prediction, that they would not succeed; and that, they would only, by such an attempt, damn themselves, as political agents, for ever and ever.

Now, foolish as they are, were they such fools as to despise so awful a warning as this? They must have hated me like poison. They must have sighed for news of my disgrace and death. They must have longed for the blasting of my reputation more ardently than a rich country looby's wife ever longed for a coronet. And

would they, then, have *voluntarily* done precisely that, which must give to all England the most decisive proof of my veracity as to the past, my foresight as to what was to come, and my insight of the views and characters of men? This really is not credible: it is not to be believed: not one man, out of any twelve, would say that he believed it possible, that the *Rump* would *voluntarily* have acted thus. What *motive* could they have for the putting forward of KINNAIRD! A sprig of nobility and a *banker* into the bargain? He was no friend, or acquaintance, of any of *them*. They did not even know him. *Why* should they fulfil all my predictions; why should they convert my imputations against them, into facts; my prophecies of their misconduct, into history; my charges of their intriguing and conspiring, into proofs to be put upon record? *Why* should they do this, and do this too, in order to put a total stranger to them and to the cause into parliament to *your exclusion*? If, indeed, their professed object had been to exclude Mr. HUNT; if they had refused all co-operation for the bringing of him in; if they had taken advantage of the base and hypocritical cry against him to endeavour to make over the seat to Sir Francis in the fee simple. If this had been the case, they might have had some hope of escaping everlasting infamy; but, when *you* were distinctly proposed to them as a colleague for the Baronet; when they could not put forward the flash companion without *opposing you*, what hope could they have of such an escape? And, was it ever yet known in the world, that men, however despicable and vile, *designedly* and *voluntarily* sought to cover themselves with infamy, at the same time, that they must necessarily, by the very same act, heighten the reputation of their greatest enemy?

Oh, no! Sir! Things so much out of nature; things so prodigious, do not appear in the world. And, therefore, I am very sorry, that you should

have *temporized* upon this important occasion; that you should leave it to be understood, that the Baronet had had no hand in this villainous conspiracy against the independence of Westminster and against the cause of Reform.

In a Register, which I sent from this place on the 25th of July,\* long before I could hear of the election having been *begun*, you will find, that I foretold, pretty closely, what would take place. I had seen, that KINNAIRD, this new flash-companion, had been *toasted* at the Westminster Dinner in May. I knew what that *foreboded*. You will see, that I *then* saw, very nearly, all that has taken place. I saw, that the Baronet had taken this KINNAIRD under his wing, for the express purpose of keeping *you* out; for, Mr. HUNT had not, at the time the toast was given, offered himself as a candidate for Westminster. Do you ask me, *what motive* the Baronet could have had for wishing you to be excluded? No: you cannot ask me this question. After having read my Registers of the last year, up to March, 1818, you cannot ask such a question. After the history of COLONEL MAINE's trip to Coventry; after all the *proofs* of the Baronet's dread and horror of seeing any man of real principle and talent in parliament; after all these you cannot ask such a question. For a long while, you know, BROUGHAM was the man, of whom, through the *Rump*, he meant to make use of for the purpose of excluding *you*. When that unprincipled brawler; when that reviler of you and of our cause had become, through the means of the gallant and honest LORD COCHRANE's attack, so odious and so blown upon; when that dunghill cock no longer dared to raise the hackle, then this KINNAIRD, this new flash-companion, was picked up. Any thing, no matter what, so that *you*, and all other men, able and willing to *do something*, were kept out.

\* No. 7, published Oct. 3, 1818.



The Baronet dreaded *you*, as an associate, above all men living. He knew well, that you would never let him rest; that you would compel him to act, or that you would put him to shame, and make his laziness and uselessness manifest to every one. He knew well, that, with you at his elbow, there could have been *no shuffling*; *no wriggling out*; *no putting off*. He knew what a contrast your conduct would form with his, as well for the present as the past. He knew, that the people would say: "Here is the veteran of fourscore doing more in a month than the Baronet has done during twenty years." All this he knew very well; and he was resolved, that, if he could avoid it, you should not be his companion.

But, did he see *no danger* to himself from a *falling off* of the people, or, from *your resentment*? No: He, like ministers and kings, is surrounded by *flatterers*. He never hears any disagreeable news about himself. He had *read* nothing but what led him to believe that my assaults had been impotent; and he had *heard* nothing but what tended to inculcate the same error. He had so long been told that he was a great and all-powerful man, that, at last, he believed it. He thought, that the people at the annual *Rump-Dinner*, spoke the voice of the nation. In short long success in intrigue with the *Rump* led him to believe, that he could do just what he pleased. And, Sir, as to *your resentment*, though the rascally *Rump* discovered baseness such as you, with all your mildness and generosity, cannot speak of without expressions of indignation; though they, when they unblushingly avowed, that one of their reasons for rejecting you was their being sure, that *no ill-treatment would ever disgust you, or lessen your efforts in the cause*; though they, in this instance, discovered uncommon baseness, I am quite satisfied, that the Baronet fully participated in the atrocious sentiment. He knew, that your love for the cause would insure

him safety against your hostility; he relied upon your disinterestedness and generosity as a shield against your just reproaches; he dared to sacrifice you because, and *only* because, he knew that your fidelity in, and zeal for, the cause would secure him impunity; like the unfeeling monster, who, at a bull-bait, in Surrey, when I was a boy, cut off, for a great wager, the four feet of his bull-bitch, knowing that she would not flinch, but that she would, as I saw her do, win his wager by running at, and pinning, the Bull, upon her stumps!

Verily, Sir, seeing this so clearly as I do, I cannot refrain from lamenting, that you should, in your admirable Letter above quoted from, have said any thing to cause it to be believed, that *you do not regard the Baronet as a participator in the vile intrigues of the Rump*. This little band of selfish dinner-dealers could have no motive but *one* for stuffing in *Kinnaird*. They knew him not: nobody knew him: a bit of stone or of wood or a lump of dirt was capable of exciting as much interest as *Kinnaird*; naked *Kinnaird*! The Baronet knew this. He knew that it was impudence beyond all measure to stick up this thing against *you*. The *Rump* knew it too. You say, that they were told of it; that they were *counselled* and *advised*. But, what was all this against a *good thumping piece of plate*, or a *good large bank-note*, for each member of the *Rump*? I have often heard of stories of this sort: I used to believe none of them: *I now believe them all*. You have clearly shown; you have logically *proved*; that, upon the supposition of their not being *corrupt*, they were *mad*; and, as they were *not mad*, it necessarily follows, that they were *corrupt*. *Kinnaird*, doubtless, took care of the gentlemen; and, indeed, it required care of a very sedulous description, when he had to deal with these Cerberuses of *Purity*. But, by their putting him forward as "*the personal friend* of Sir Francis Burdett," it is made quite clear, that

the Baronet was not only *assenting* to the bargain, but that he did all in his power to *give it effect*.

Thus we have before us, I think, the true motives of all the parties concerned in this conspiracy. But, there is one thing, which your forbearance and disinterestedness have induced you to overlook. You know, that the mouth-pieces of the Baronet, when they found, that the people would not hear of their new Cock, told them from the hustings and in their publications, that Sir FRANCIS BURDETT *had nothing to do with Kinnaird*; and that the Baronet did not take any interest whatever *as to any other candidate*. This was a mean and shameful falsehood; for, can any man in his senses believe, that the contemptible *Rump* would have *dared* to proclaim Kinnaird as "*the personal friend*" of their Chief, unless he had consented to it and wished it? But, when the *Rump* found, or, rather, when he himself found, that Kinnaird would not go down, and that the base intrigue was detected and exposed; then he turned short about and *disowned* Kinnaird; or, which was still worse, his tools disowned him. When he found, that his own *nominator* and the nominator of Kinnaird could hardly be *heard* at the hustings, and when he saw, that Mr. Hunt and Sir Samuel Romilly were, by the High-Bailiff, declared to have a *majority* in the *show of hands*, he became *frightened for himself*, and deserted poor Kinnaird, as he had deserted us the year before.

But, what I wish to point out to your attention is, this pretended justification on the ground of *neutrality*. He took *no interest* (no not he!) in the fate of *any other candidate but himself*! All were *equally proper* in his eyes! Even Castle-reagh's man was as welcome to him as *you were*! Amiable candour! But, yet, we cannot but recollect, that when a seat was offered to the cause of Reform at Coventry, this same man, whose extreme impartiality induced him to

make no choice between SIR MURRAY MAXWELL and MAJOR CARTWRIGHT, could nominate COLONEL MAINE! So that here he is wholly deprived of the shelter, which this shuffle affords him. Let him live a few years longer, and he shall see, that he shall drop this insolent tone about caring for nobody but himself. He will, indeed, have need of all his own care; for, he will find nobody else to care for him.

I foretold, last fall, over and over again, what would become of "*Purity of election*." I see, that the battered old back, STURCH, wished openly to *join the Whig faction at once*, in the face of every principle and every profession of the *Rump*. This man wants, and has long wanted, *a place*. But, indeed, the fright that the whole of the *Rump* was in, when they saw how the *Polling* went on, appears to have been quite terrible. The 20th of June, they wrote to the Baronet to *come out and show himself*. He dared not. He dared not show his face before the people at the Hustings, where he knew there was a man to put questions boldly to him. The letter, written upon this occasion by the *Rump*, together with his answer, I shall now insert: not because you have not read them; but, because they are *documents to be preserved*. We are too apt to forget these things; and we ought not to forget them.

"Copy of a Letter addressed to Sir Francis Burdett, by a numerous body of the Electors of Westminster.

"Westminster, the 20th of June.

"SIR,—We, the undersigned, electors of Westminster, feeling the utmost anxiety for the success of the cause of reform, and having no doubt that the same feeling is common to us and the great majority of our brother electors, consider it to be our bounden duty to address you on the present occasion, and to represent to you that the support which is given to each other by the two factions which have so long oppressed the state, together with the unfortunate disunion which has arisen amongst some of the best friends of reform,



" have placed us in circumstances of peculiar difficulty.

" You have, on all occasions, used your utmost exertions to defend the rights and liberties of the people of England: the whole nation has confidence in your character and integrity, and we are deeply impressed with the opinion that your return to Parliament is of the utmost importance to the interests of the whole people.

" We are happy to inform you, that the differences which had arisen amongst ourselves are at an end, and that all our efforts are now united in support of the cause of which you have so long been the ardent and faithful leader; but the exertions of our enemies have given them advantages which will require extraordinary exertions on our part to counteract; and in order that success may be ensured, we are most anxious to have your personal assistance.

" You, Sir, in the modern times of corruption first raised a public voice in England. It began in Westminster, and soon spread over the whole country. That voice, the honest fruits of your honourable and courageous labours, the factions have united to destroy, even in the cradle which gave it birth; and now it is in the heat of the contest, and amidst difficulties and dangers never before contended with, that we earnestly and respectfully call upon you to lend your powerful aid, not for the purpose of securing your own seat, which we know to be a matter of indifference to you, any otherwise than as it is connected with the public cause; but to secure the expression of public opinion, in the only place where it can be expressed, and where it will certainly be expressed in the moment that you are seen as the guardian and supporter of it.

" The enemies of the cause have calumniated you by stating, that you had deserted the people—that you would refuse to serve them, even if called upon to do so. We entreat you, Sir, to contradict these statements—to appear personally upon the hustings, and let the world see that you are the same friend of liberty, the same ardent supporter of popular rights, which we have always known you to be.

" We ask you, not for your sake, or for our own, but for the sake of that cause, the success of which can alone secure the

" happiness of the people of England.

" We have the honour to be,

" With the greatest respect, Sir,

" Your most obedient servants,

" (Signed by a very numerous body of Electors.)

" To Sir Francis Burdett, Bart."

" SIR FRANCIS BURDETT'S ANSWER."

" Saturday Evening, June 20, 1818.

" GENTLEMEN,—My esteem for the understanding and independence of the Electors of Westminster, and the grateful sense I entertain of their handsome conduct towards me on every occasion, make it my duty as well as my inclination to use every exertion in my power, at all times to serve them: but highly as I estimate my duty towards them, and anxious as I am to fulfil it, there is still a higher duty to perform towards myself: and which, if neglected, would be alike prejudicial to us both; as it would strip me of all personal consideration, and therefore of all means of discharging my debt of gratitude to them.

" This first duty, the foundation of every other, is self-respect: it can only be preserved by fair and honourable dealing, and consistency of conduct: to offer it a sacrifice together with public principles on the altar of expediency, in order to obtain a seat in the House of Commons, would be a wretched and mistaken method of attempting to advance the public cause.

" I am free to confess, that upon every occasion like the present, whether as a candidate, or proposed without being a candidate, my object has been not to find a seat, but a public; my endeavours have been used to rouse that public, to give it an opportunity of displaying itself in its fairest light; to show virtue her own image, for the purpose of securing the esteem of the wise and good, thereby advancing in the most irresistible manner the public claim to universal freedom.

" I am not aware of any selfish motive, either of avarice, vanity, or ambition, having ever tainted my mind in this pursuit. The patriotism, spirit, and intelligence of the Citizens of Westminster, have long presented to the creatures of corruption, an object that 'seared their eyeballs': they started at it 'like a guilty

"thing upon a fearful summons." Such  
 "was the effect produced by your spon-  
 "taneous and spirited exertions, unparal-  
 "leled before in the history of elections.  
 "It was the grand and imposing spectacle  
 "of a people who knew their rights, and  
 "knowing, were resolute to obtain them.

"The reverse of this picture would be a  
 "sad spectacle to exhibit to the eye of an  
 "expecting world; if, however, the people  
 "of Westminster are unequal to the task of  
 "sustaining the noble attitude they have  
 "taken, if it is but a semblance of patriot-  
 "ism and virtue that has been assumed, I  
 "am the most unfit person upon earth, by  
 "any compromise of those principles and  
 "professions upon which we have so long  
 "acted to strive to uphold a cheat. If a  
 "mask, as is continually hinted at in the  
 "public prints, has been worn, I am desi-  
 "rous that it should be made evident  
 "to all the world that it has not been worn  
 "by me; and in my opinion, by whomso-  
 "ever worn, the sooner it falls off the better.

"If there are those who, ignoble by na-  
 "ture, have nevertheless put on the lion's  
 "hide only, 'do off it for shame, and hang a  
 "calf's skin on those recreant limbs.' The  
 "great question now at issue in Westminster,  
 "is not, whether this or that individual  
 "should be returned; therefore I say no-  
 "thing of any candidate; but whether re-  
 "form, or no reform should take place;  
 "whether, as far as the citizens of West-  
 "minster are concerned, corruption and  
 "despotism shall be countenanced, or the  
 "rights and liberties of the people of Eng-  
 "land restored. The important point is to  
 "prove, not the influence of any individual,  
 "of any name, or the effects of any personal  
 "exertions, still less of any electioneering  
 "tricks or cajolings; but the force of prin-  
 "ciples: to prove the people of Westminster  
 "at least superior to the former, and equal  
 "to the latter; to throw in the great  
 "weight of example, preaching practically,  
 "more eloquently 'than angels trumpet-  
 "tongued' in support of the public cause.

"These, and not indolence, nor luke-  
 "warmness, nor want of due respect to-  
 "wards the Citizens of Westminster, have  
 "been the motives (and I trust they are  
 "fair and honest ones) of my conduct; nor  
 "can I now repent it, or be induced, though  
 "so urgently pressed by those whose re-  
 "quests would, in ordinary cases, operate

"as commands, to change it, for the sake of  
 "obtaining, by inconsistency of conduct  
 "and compromise of principle, so paltry an  
 "object as a mere seat in the house of  
 "Corruption. A seat in the House of Com-  
 "mons has no value in my eyes, but inas-  
 "much as it can be made conducive to the  
 "recovery of the People's Rights. How  
 "far any man's being placed therein is a  
 "matter of any importance, it is now your  
 "province to judge: should you think it of  
 "any, you will perform your easy duty, by  
 "walking to the poll, and electing for your  
 "representative whomsoever you confide  
 "in.

"As to myself, whether in or out of Par-  
 "liament, I shall at all times be ready  
 "zealously to co-operate with my fellow-  
 "citizens of Westminster, and the rest of  
 "my countrymen, for the purpose of check-  
 "ing that system of fiscal spoliation and  
 "political corruption, which takes his due  
 "reward from the poor, his inheritance from the  
 "rich, and liberty from all; and must finally  
 "terminate in the establishment of despotie  
 "power. It is against this formidable ene-  
 "my we have buckled on our armour, and I  
 "trust we shall keep our 'harness on our  
 "backs' until we have obtained the people's  
 "inalienable rights, recovered their fair  
 "and reasonable share of the Government,  
 "the appointment of their own guardians in  
 "a House of Commons freely and constitu-  
 "tionally chosen by themselves. More  
 "than this they ought not to demand, with  
 "less they cannot be satisfied.

"I remain, Gentlemen,

"Your very grateful,

"And very obedient humble servant,

"(Signed) FRANCIS BURDETT.

"To the Electors of Westminster, in answer  
 "to the Requisition, &c."

What can one say of these letters,  
 but that they contain proof of the  
 fallen state of the parties? What!  
 A set of notorious hirelings writing in  
 strains of fulsome praise to the man by  
 whom they were hired and paid? An  
 address from a man's footmen and  
 grooms would not have been more dis-  
 gusting. We despise the things got  
 up, in the shape of addresses, by bands  
 of tax-eaters, and presented by them  
 to those who give them their food;  
 but, was not this address as flagrantly



despicable as any of those addresses? A "numerous body" is said to have signed this address; but, what of that? The *Rump* prepared it; and you know by what means signatures are obtained!

Of all the pieces of hypocrisy that I ever saw, this letter of the Baronet is the finest. He takes special good care to say *nothing to the point*. There is nothing that any one can hold him to. All is *vague scraps of plays*; any thing but the *real thing*! Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle! Always *indefinite*. Never says *what* he will do, or *what* he will not do.

The *Rump* have the impudence to say, that he "*first raised a PUBLIC voice in England*; and that it *began in Westminster*." And he, in the right fashion of corruption, echoes indirectly back the falsehood, by saying, that his "object has not been to find a seat, but to find a public." What stuff is this? What meaning has it? But, to the fact of his having *first* roused Westminster. What an impudent falsehood! Is it not notorious; is it not well known to *you* and to all of us, that he never had any thing to do in the rousing of Westminster? Is it not notorious, that it was I, by twenty-seven letters addressed to them, and Mr. Paull by his bravery and perseverance, that first roused Westminster? Is it not notorious, that the Baronet *had actually given ell up*, and would not stir hand or foot? Is it not notorious, that, when he was first put in, he was put in by those who had conducted the election of Mr. PAULL; and that the Baronet would not do any thing but object to be the associate of that unfortunate gentleman? Are not these facts notorious? And yet these reptiles dare tell him, that he was the first to raise a *public voice* in Westminster!

And what does this mean, this wanting "*to find a public*"? The Baronet is fond of quaint expressions, as if quaintness were learning and profundity! If he wanted to find a *public*, what was that which sent him up a hackney coach full of petitions to present in 1817? What was *that*? Was that

not a public? Yes; but he was a fox-hunting then and had not a fit of the gout. There is always *something*, and always will be something, to prevent him from finding a *public*! He wanted to *rouse* this public. Were not the people roused in 1817? Were not the Blanketeers roused; were not the Derby men roused? Yes, and he suffered them to fall without even a cheering word! Why does he not tell us what it is that he means by "*a public*?" Why is he to have a set of phrases which nobody can understand? Why is he to be surrounded with loop-holes which we allow to nobody else? By *the public*, we, common mortals mean the mass of the people, within the probable reach of voices or writings or actions. And, what, the devil, reason is there for indulging this indolent, shilly-shally man in the giving a meaning of his own to this well known phrase? Why is he, above all men living, to give to common words a meaning which is given to them by nobody else? Why is he, who is a thing made up of other men's labours and talents, to enjoy this singular advantage over all the rest of mankind. "*A public*," indeed! He has found a public often enough; but that public has never found him in time of need.

These base vermin, the *Rump*, could you see, Sir, attribute the rousing of the people *to him*, and *to him alone*, forgetting all that *you*, even *you*, had done! But, indeed, there can be no doubt, that the Address was written by himself, or, at least, *under his direction*. This is a poor old trick; a trick as stale as barrel grounds. When the address was, by the Westminster people, presented to him in the Tower, they carried it to him *for him to approve of it*, before they presented it. I wrote that address, which was signed by Daddy STURCH, who, when I *first* proposed it, said he had *given Sir Francis up*, and BROOKES said that he had *washed his hands of him*. This, therefore, is only the old trick played off a-new. The two letters were, I am very sure, written by the same

band. They are an imposition upon the public; but an imposition which will, in the end, only tend to sink their real author, if he be not already sunk as low as he can sink.

The *chairing procession* seems to have been the last trick in the budget. All deceivers of the people proceed in this way. The populace in great cities are taken with *show*. And, there's nothing better calculated to cover defeat than loud shouts of *victory*. The generality of men do not think deeply, and, when they see, directly under their eyes, all the visible signs of triumph, they can hardly believe it possible that there can have been a defeat. It was thus in the case of the defeat of WELLESLEY at Talavera, and afterwards by MASSENA, in Portugal. Though WELLESLEY fled in both instances, the firing of park and tower guns, and the den's votes of thanks, made the defeats pass as victories. It is always thus, when the disgraced party has impudence sufficient to the task; and, in the *Rump*, there is no lack of impudence. The MARQUIS D'ARGENS tells a story of a convent of rascally Carmélites, one of the holy fathers of which had, by a stone-mason, been caught in bed with his wife, and had, in the haste of his escape, left his breeches behind. The stone-mason went and complained to the PRIOR, and, in proof of the truth of what he had to alledge, carried the breeches with him. The next day, instead of receiving redress, what should the poor stone-mason see but a long *triumphal, thanks giving procession* of the whole band of holy villains, in the midst of which, surrounded by lighted tapers and immediately preceded by the guilty monk carrying the Host, was the *Breeches*, hoisted on a pole and spread out like a banner! They were, it seems, the Breeches of Saint Pocomo, miraculously conveyed into the stone-cutter's bed-chamber, out of compassion to his wife, who had, until then, been barren!

The Baronet has acted *Breeches* in the Westminster Procession; but, the imposture, though it gave amusement for the day, to idle boys and girls, will have no other effect, in the end, than to render all the parties odious even to these very boys and girls. Sturch and Brookes followed the Chair, it seems, in an open Landau; and STURCH had *openly coalesced with the Whigs*. This is only a *foretaste* of that which is to come. You will see the Baronet himself coalesce with the Whigs; or, rather, you will, when the tempest comes, see him endeavouring to seek shelter under their wing, as the swaggering Trincullo endeavoured to creep under the gaberdine of Calliban. *Cleary*, we are told, was mounted on a *white charger*: emblem of *purity*! He should have had a pillion behind him for his *forging associate*. That would have capped the climax of *purity*; though God has not given to man a dominion so absolute over inferior animals as to justify so horrible a degradation of the honest charger.

What a *convenient gout* the Baronet's is! It came on the moment MR. HUNT made his appearance as a candidate; and went off the moment that the bank notes had secured the Baronet a seat in the Den.

To say the truth, the Baronet is pretty well brought down. He has, by the usual means of corruption, escaped, and but just escaped, being *flung out*; but, he goes in with his comb cut. He goes in, as Sheridan went in, in 1806, *all covered over with dirt*. He is not only *second* upon the poll; but, even that station has been obtained by those corrupt practices which he has so long professed to abhor. It was, from the state of the poll at the outset, very clear, that *money*, and *money alone*, could retrieve his cause. The vile *Rump* say, that they have expended only eleven *hundred* pounds. They may say it, and swear it too, if they like. Nobody will believe them. The score will not be cleared for *twenty thousand*, including pieces of



plate and all together. And thus goes "*Purity of Election*," stamped with the forgery of Letters. And thus goes "*Westminster's Pride*," and what that conceited fool, STURCH, called "*England's Glory*." He shall see what England's Glory is, in a short time. What a scandalous thing! Men, with *Purity* on their lips, going about to bribe distressed creatures to take false oaths! The *Rump* gentlemen must have pricked up their long ears, when they heard the people, the *real people*, setting up their voices against hearing daddy STURCH propose the Baronet. How they must have been humbled when they found that it was necessary to apply to Mr. HUNT to obtain them a hearing!

The *Rump* say, that they have expended *only* 1,100 pounds, eight hundred of which they have *collected* in the way of subscription. And, *who* is to pay the other *three hundred*? Who gave the 800? What a falsehood! They were so poor, that CLEARY had written to Mr. HUNT, that they could not even pay Mr. *Harmer's bill*, which they had promised to pay; and that, they, therefore, *could raise nothing to fee counsel for the poor Derby-men*. Yet, all of a sudden; in a few days; they raise £800. and venture to *advance* £300. themselves! Either, therefore, Cleary told Mr. HUNT a falsehood, and the Derby-men were *intentionally abandoned*; or, the *Rump* found some new and *unexpected mine* as soon as they saw how the Poll was going. How lucky it was, that they stumbled on the ground containing this *mine*! But, it is to degrade our minds to *reason* upon such matter. It is manifest that, when the poll had been left to the *name* of Burdett, Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY had 1000, MAXWELL 900, and the BARONET 400, Votes. Then came the Letter to him, and the bank-notes formed the efficient part of the answer. The bribing of the Isleworth Millers was a thing to be forgotten when we thought the briber was resolved never to do the

like again. But, it is now to be remembered; and, we see, that, though, in ordinary times, the sow may conduct herself decently, yet, if the temptation offer, she will again return to wallowing in the mire.

One can, in the progress of the Poll, clearly trace the progress of the Baronet's bank-notes. The Borough-monger Candidates were towering over the Baronet on the Poll; he was so low, that nothing but money could save him from being thrown out. Indeed, it was manifest, that he was *rejected*. The *show of hands* had decided against him; his cat's-paw proposer *could not get a hearing from the people* until Mr. HUNT had begged them to hear him. The name of BURDETT in LARGE LETTERS, was held over the head of daddy STURCH, in order that the people might see, that it was "*England's Glory*" for whom he was speaking. But (alas!) this only augmented their disinclination to hear him! How the Baronet, sitting in St James' Place, enwrapped in his own importance; feeling "*England's Glory*" swelling in his veins, and lost in the contemplation of his awful attributes and sublime destiny; how he must have stared when the news of the *show of hands* and of the *silence imposed on Daddy* reached his ears. To deal a little in his own style, the messenger must have been about as welcome as he, "who, at dead of night, old Priam's curtains drew, and told him *half his Troy was burned*."\* What! Rejected! Scouted! Westminster's pride and England's Glory gone at a single whistle from a country clown!

What! all gone! all my pretty ones! What all!

Say you? My cherubs too; Brooks and Mc. Laurin?†

Monsters! Could they not spare me even Sturch?

Alas! William Cobbett, thy spirit

Is mighty, still! ‡

\* Play of Richard III. † Play of Macbeth.

‡ Play of Julius Caesar.

*Messenger.*—Comfort take, I pray you,  
Dear my Liege, 'tis nought but noisy mob  
with  
Breath most foul\* that cry for Hunt and  
real Reform.

*Baronet.*—Thou say'st true, my faithful  
little Cleary:  
But, then, there comes athwart my harass'd  
mind  
The damning facts, that 'twas from that  
same mob

My title I of patriot receiv'd;  
That 'tis from that same mob petitions come,  
To push me onward, or to strike me dumb;  
That—by that same mob, who works and  
fights,

The nation will, I fear, obtain its rights:  
That 'twas by that same mob the air was  
rent,

When I to Palace yard and Brentford went;  
That 'tis with that same mob, that, after all,  
I must, I fear too strongly, stand or fall.

(Sighs.)

*Cleary.*—Consider it not so deeply.†

*Baronet.*—But wherefore would they not  
my mouth-piece hear?

Wherefore my name, in letters big, like  
serpents hiss?

And oh! wherefore at Hunt's command hold  
still

Their tongues, as 'twere to say, him love we  
more

Even than Tower hero we despise?

*Cleary.*—These deeds must not be thought  
on

After these ways; so, it will make us mad;

*Baronet.*—Oh! Thou fond man! With  
what loud applause

Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bur-  
dett,

Before he was what thou wouldst have him  
be!‡

Oh! thou foul-feeder, how thou swallowedst  
me\*\*

To spew me out, a mess to glut the maw  
Of Castlereagh and Greedy Grenvilles all,  
And even of Green Room's spawn to be the  
jest! (Weeps.)

*Cleary.*—Are you a man?

*Baronet.*—Yes, and a bold one; what man  
dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tiger,  
Take any shape but Hunt's, and my firm  
nerves

Shall never tremble.\*

*Cleary.*—Proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear;  
This is the air drawn dagger, which you said  
Did drive you out the back way from the  
Tower.†

*Baronet.*—Cleary, thy faith and love full  
well I know.

But, so low my fortunes, that Atlas self  
Unable were to keep me 'bove contempt.  
Farewell, a long farewell to all my pride!  
Farewell huzzas, farewell big sounding  
speech!

Farewell the toasts, the flattery of Rumps,  
And all the pomp and circumstance of Din-  
ing!‡

Crown and Anchor, scene of all my triumphs,  
Oh! farewell! Burdett's occupation's gone!

*Cleary.*—Nay, dear my Liege, yield not  
thus easily

Your civic crown. Let patriots penniless  
Retire, corruption scorning. Corruption,  
Dear my Liege, corruption is, only when  
For men ignoble it is employed;  
For men who ought to doff the Lion's skin,  
And of the Calf put on the hide.

(The Baronet sits musing while Cleary  
is speaking.)

*Baronet.*—My dear and faithful friend  
thou reason'st well!

It must be so.\*\* (Sits down to write.)

Here (rising) this potent cheque to Count's  
swiftly bear,

The means, far more than ample, you'll find  
there

To drench my householders and deck their  
wives;

To make them, 'gainst Hunt's mob, expose  
their lives,

And 'gainst himself, to arm with dirks or  
knives;

And if the ruffian come to seek me out,  
You'll swear, dear Cleary, I have got the  
gout.

*Cleary.*—Well Hunt, my Liege, attack by  
forgery;

\* Play of Julius Cæsar. † Play of Macbeth.  
‡ Play of Macbeth.  
§ Play of Henry IV. P. Second.  
\*\* Play of Hamlet.

\* Play of Macbeth † Play of Macbeth.  
‡ Play of Henry the Eighth. § Play of  
Othello.  
\*\* Play of Cato.



And make him black as .....

*Baronet.*—..... Hell you'd, doubtless, say ;

Ah! dearest Cleary, that's the only way !

But, who'll believe?

*Cleary.*—..... 'Tis Cobbett's name we take.

*Baronet.*—The sound, dear Cleary, gives my nerves a shake.

But, can you blacken absent Cobbett too?

*Cleary.*—Will try, my Liege, what your bank-notes will do

With Walter, Stewart, Perry, all the tribe,

No man of whom who will not take a bribe.

*Baronet.*—Bless'd paper-money, last and best supply,

That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!\*

That from the poll makes men like Cartwright flee,

And fills the senate's seats with men like me!

*Cleary.*—My Liege, I haste your wishes to obey;

And blacken'd Hunt shall rue the provocation

Given by his ruffian band. Into

His affairs most private will we enter;

His debts and dues, the treatment of his wife,

And his amours at every stage of life;

And though he still may act the patriot's part,

Were sure at least, to wring a woman's heart.

Adieu! my Liege, and ..... (going)

\* Pope's Satires.

*Baronet.*—..... One word, dear Cleary. 'Twere well indeed to talk of debts and dues,

Of wife neglected, and e'en of living

With another's wife; but, if a child he have

By wife of bosom friend, for maintenance

Of which he money gave, and then retook,

At hazard of exposure of the dame:

In such a case, it were not wise the act

To hold aloft to public scorn.

*Cleary.*—..... Ecod!

To horse that's blind a wink's as good as nod!

And now I go to bother, lie and bribe;

To forge myself, or hire a forging scribe,

To make our "England's Glory" brighter shine,

And fix you in your seat by right divine.

God bless you, my dear Sir. Contemplating the ridiculousness of the rascality of these people has put me out of all serious humour; and, I will, therefore, for the present, conclude with assuring you, that I always remain,

With the most profound respect,

Your faithful

And most obedient servant,

WM. COBBETT.

TO MRS. BRANDRETH.

---

*North Hampstead, 12 Sept. 1818.*

Madam,

A plan, which I contemplated, some time past, for giving assistance to yourself and children, has been slower than I expected in putting into execution. But, you may be assured, that I shall neglect nothing within my power to convince you of the great respect, which I bear towards the memory of your late brave, public-spirited and unfortunate husband, and also towards yourself for the resolution which you discovered in circumstances so trying. Either I shall see you myself, or some

person will go to you from me, before it be very long. But, as the time of this visit may be more distant than I expect, I beg you to write to me, through my Publisher in London, and to let me know, 1. What children you have, and what are their several ages; 2. What are your circumstances; and 3. Whether you would like to come, with your children to this Country.

I am, Madam,

Your Friend and most obedient  
servant,

WM. COBBETT.

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